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The Winston Sentinel. GEO. M. MATHES, Editor. Terms: CASH IN ADVANCE! One copy, one year, \$1.50 six months, .75 three months, .50. CENTINEL JOB OFFICE. THE MOST COMPLETE IN WESTERN N. C. Call Examine Terms, Samples, Etc. THE GASTON HOUSE, NEW-BERNE, N. C. S. R. STREET & SON Proprietors. THE NATIONAL HOTEL, STATE HOUSE SQUARE, RALEIGH, N. C. STREET & SON, Owners and Proprietors. Dr. Preston Roan, OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES To the citizens of Winston and surrounding country. Office at his residence. Any message left at either Drug Store will receive prompt attention. I. W. DURHAM, Prac cal Marble orker, AND DEALER IN Monuments and Tomb-tones, Winston, N. C. Write for Price List and Designs May 9th, 1878. W. T. VOGLER, PRACTICAL JEWELER 13 ton, N. C. Main Street, opposite Merchant's Hotel. KEYS CONSTANTLY ON HAND Fine and Plated Jewelry, of every kind. Repairing done and Work warranted. January 20, 1879. SALE AND LIVERY STABLE! CRUTCHFIELD & STEDMAN Successors to Beck & Moore, Winston, N. C. KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND, CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, HORSES for hire. We also buy and sell Horses and Buggies. Cash paid for Feeds. Jan. 23, 1879. T. J. BROWN J. B. VAUGHN of Brown's Warehouse, late of Vaughn & Frasier NEW HARDWARE STORE. We beg leave to announce to our friends and the public that we are now receiving our stock of HARDWARE and will be fully open in a few days. We solicit the patronage of all, and will be prepared to sell all goods in our line as low as can be bought elsewhere. Hoping to see and serve all our old friends and customers. We remain, yours respectfully, BROWN & VAUGHN. JAMES D. PATTON, Importer, Wholesale Grocer AND Commission Merchant. Tobacco Manufacturers' Supplies a Specialty. No. 1307 Cary Street, Richmond, Va. P. O. BOX 173. LICORICE, SYRUPS, SUGARS, GUMS, OILS, OLIVES, GRAPE SUGAR, TIN FOIL, GLYCERINE & C. 1-Apr. 1860. NEW LIVERY STABLE, Winston, N. C., HENRY S. FOY, Proprietor. I TAKE PLEASURE IN INFORMING my friends and the public that I am prepared to accommodate them with conveyances of all styles, at the shortest notice. I keep very fine stock of horses, and handsome vehicles. Charges will always be good. I also have ample room and accommodation for drovers, as good as can be found elsewhere in the city. April 10th, 1879. PRESCRIPTION FREE! We are prepared to furnish prescriptions for all diseases, and all medicines, at our Dispensary, at the shortest notice. Address: Dr. W. J. G. & Co., 25 West Ninth Street, Cincinnati, O.

The Murder of Mrs. Surratt. In the September number of the North American Review is, among other excellent articles, one by J. W. Clappitt, Esq., who was an attorney for Mrs. Surratt before the military commission, in which the evidence relating to Mrs. Surratt's case is pointedly reviewed, her innocence made manifest, and the history of her execution put on record. She was found guilty by a packed commission on the evening of July 6, and hanged at 12 m. the next day. The fury of this political murder has been equalled in Paris amid the throes of riot and revolution, but never elsewhere. We quote as follows: After the long and exhausted trial, naturally we were gratified at its close, and, as young men of our profession, still more so, at the congratulations of many of the older members of the bar who had closely examined the testimony, as each day it appeared, and predicting the acquittal of our client. About five o'clock in the afternoon of the 6th of July, while sitting in our office awaiting the findings of the commission, we were suddenly startled by the cry of the newboys on the street, "The execution of Mrs. Surratt!" We found to our dismay that, instead of an acquittal, or at most a temporary confinement of our client, the judgment of the military commission had been that of death, and the President had signed her death-warrant. So sudden was the shock, so unexpected the result, amazed beyond expression at the celerity of the order of execution, we hardly knew how to proceed. Acting upon the first impulse, we went hastily to the White House and endeavored to have an interview with the President, in the hope that Executive clemency might so far intervene as to grant a respite for a few days at least. In this we were baffled. We were informed that the President would see no one. Attempting to pass inside of the main doors, we were met by Preston King, of New York, who, pointing to the guard of soldiers stationed at the foot of the staircase with fixed bayonets, informed us that it was "useless to attempt an issue of that character." We went to plead for three days of life for this poor woman, that she might arrange her earthly affairs and prepare for eternity, and we were denied admission. As we could not obtain an audience with the President, the aid of distinguished gentlemen was sought. They, too, were toiled. It must not, however, be forgotten that a noble woman, pushing aside the bayonets of the soldiers, gained admission to the President. Alas! her burning words and queenly presence could make no impression for the innocent. I refer to Mrs. General Williams, at that time the widow of Senator Douglas. Our next movement was, in company with the daughter, to go to the judge-advocate general and implore his services in her behalf. Notwithstanding he had conducted in chief the trial, we thought that, touched by the unutterable woe of the poor girl, the pitying chords of sympathy might find a responsive echo in his heart. Our plea was in vain. His heart was chilled, his soul impassive as marble. Upon her bended knees, bathed in tears, the forlorn girl besought him to go to the President and beg a respite for three days—three days more of life for the mother about to be murdered by the strong arm of the government. Finally, to close the scene, the judge-advocate-general agreed to meet us at the executive mansion at given hour. We reached there at the appointed time. He had gone before us, and was just emerging as we came. He said: "I can do nothing. The President is immovable. He has carefully examined the findings of the commission, and has no reason to change the date of execution, and you might as well attempt to overflow this building as to alter his decision." We left in despair, and telegraphed the situation to Hon. Beverly Johnson, requesting his immediate presence. He was at his home in Baltimore city, and telegraphed the following reply: "It is very late. There are no trains to carry me to Washington City. Apply for a writ of

habeas corpus and take her body from the custody of the military authorities. We are now in a state of peace—not war." It was now nearly midnight, and this was our last hope. Completing our labor, we drove immediately to the residence of the Hon. Andrew Wylie, and, just as the clock tolled the hour of two in the morning, rung the front-door bell. A window above us was raised, and the well known voice of the Judge greeted us with the query, "What do you want?" We answered, "Important business of a judicial character, upon which hangs life or death." The window closed, and in a few moments the Judge admitted us into his study, clad only in his dressing gown, the weather being warm. The Judge listened attentively to each sentence of our petition, which was of some length, immovable, sitting like a statue in the glimmer of the gas light overhead, not interrupting us once during the whole of the reading, and the brief argument that followed. At its conclusion he took the papers, and quietly remarking, "Please excuse me, gentlemen," retired to his chamber. Our hearts fell within us as he closed the door behind him, as we conceived the idea that he was about to reject the petition, and being in an unclad condition, had gone to put on his clothes. In a few moments, however, he returned with the papers in his hand, remarking: "Gentlemen, my mind is made up. I have always endeavored to perform my duty fearlessly, as I understand it. I am constrained to decide the points in your petition well taken. I am about to perform an act which before to-morrow's sun goes down may consign me to the old capital prison. I believe it to be my duty, as a judge, to order this writ to issue; and" (taking up his pen) "I shall so order it." With many thanks we received back the papers, and carried them in person to the clerk of the court, who made out the writ in accordance with the order of Judge Wylie, and at four o'clock in the morning we placed it in the hands of the United States marshal, with the request that it be served immediately upon General Hancock, the commandant of the military district in which the body of Mrs. Surratt was confined. The judicial act of Judge Wylie, performed in the face of reckless passion which in that sanguinary hour would have swept away all forms of law, remains fadeless in its lustre, and, touched with the mellow hues of time, stand brightly forth, crowning with garlands the closing years of that brave man who, in the face of bayonets, "dared to perform his duty as he knew it." Ah! well would it have been for the judicial history of this country had that "writ of writs" been obeyed, and the sacred majesty of the law maintained! The United States marshal served the writ upon General Hancock. The President and his ill-advisers, believing, however, that General Hancock would, undauntedly, obey the writ, assumed the illegal authority of suspending it. General Hancock appeared in obedience to that summons, before Judge Wylie, accompanied by the Attorney General of the United States, who, as the representative of the President, presented to the court the following return, which was an executive order suspending the writ of habeas corpus, to wit: EXECUTIVE OFFICE, July 7, 1865, 10 a. m. To Major-General W. S. Hancock, commanding, etc.: I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do hereby declare that the writ of habeas corpus has been heretofore suspended in such cases as this, and I do hereby especially suspend this writ, and direct that you proceed to execute the order heretofore given upon the judgment of the military commission, and you will give this return in return to the writ. (Signed) ANDREW JOHNSON, President. General Hancock has been charged with disobeying the writ. Nothing could be further from the truth. He obeyed the writ, so far as he was permitted to do so by the court itself, and so prompt was the performance of his duty, in the estimation of the court, that Judge Wylie complimented him on his

ready obedience to the civil authority, and discharged him from the process because of his own inability to enforce the order of the court. General Hancock's appearance before the Judge showed his respect for the civil process of the court, and it became his duty to present to the Judge the order of the President suspending the writ, and to know whether he would submit to or reject the suspension. Judge Wylie acquiesced in the suspension of the writ, stating that "the posse comitatus of his court was not able to overcome the armies of the United States under the command of the President." There was not the slightest show of any disposition on the part of General Hancock to resist the civil process of the court; and had the Judge deemed it best to make an issue with the President, and refused to recognize the validity of the suspension of the writ, and had ordered General Hancock to have produced before him the body of Mrs. Surratt notwithstanding the order of the President, doubtless General Hancock would have attempted to comply with that order of the court, he, together with the Judge, would have been arrested and thrown into prison. The order of the court, however, did not extend any further, committing the General for his respect for the civil authority, his disobedience to the writ, and his refusal to obey the writ without the slightest foundation in fact. What the Wind Says. "Do you know what the wind says, Grandpa?" asked a little child at an old merchant's knee. "No, puss; what does it say?" he answered, stroking her fair hair. "Remember the poor," Grandpa. When it comes down the chimney it roars, "Remember the poor!" When it puts its great mouth to the key hole it whistles, "Remember the poor!" When it strides through a crack in the door it whispers it; and Grandpa, when it blows your beautiful silver hair in the street, and you shiver and button up your coat, does it not get at your ear, and say so, too, in a small voice, Grandpa?" "Why, what does the child mean?" cried grandpa, who, I am afraid, had been used to shut his heart against such words. "You want a new muff and tippet, I reckon; a pretty way to get them out of your old grandfather." "No, Grandpa," said the child, earnestly, shaking her head; "no, it's the no-muff and no-tippet children I'm thinking of; my mother always remembers them, and so do I try to do." After the next storm the old merchant sent fifty dollars to the treasurer of a relief society, and said, "Call for more when you want it." The treasurer started with surprise, for it was the first time he had ever collected more than a dollar from him, and that, he thought, came grudgingly. "Why," said the old merchant, after a while, "I could never get rid of that child's words; they stuck to me like glue." "And a little child shall lead them," says the Scripture. How many a cold heart has melted, and a close heart opened, by the simple earnestness and suggestive words of a child!—Orphan's Friend. Do not Wait. Do not wait to become more learned; do not wait to become perfect in your own strength, which is impossible; do not wait for any miraculous work on your soul; do not wait to accomplish this or that plan; do not wait for a more convenient season, for none will be afforded. If your mind has been drawn to your religious duty, and you have a simple desire to know and love the Lord our Saviour, then fear to repress such desire lest it should never return. The gracious Saviour, to begin at once His work upon your soul, only demands from you the desire to receive His pardoning grace, and allow Him to mould you more and more after His own likeness. He is no hard master watching for opportunities to condemn. He is a gentle Saviour waiting to prepare you for His grace, waiting for the smallest yielding on your part to draw you fully to Himself. Without your full and free consent, He will not accept your allegiance. Without your full and free consent He will not bestow His gifts, leaving you to reap the fruits of your own choice.—Selected.

Out for Hancock. GENTLEMEN NOW ON THE ANXIOUS SEAT WILL PLEASE MOVE ALONG AND MAKE ROOM FOR THE NEW COMERS. Where are Hancock's votes coming from?—Hartford Courant. The impressive gains ground among Republicans that Garfield is not to be "the coming man." Every day bears witness that defections are taking place from the ranks, and that Hancock is gaining. Read this list: GENERALS, COLONELS, CAPTAINS, EDITORS, LAWYERS AND JUDGES. Dr. L. W. Read, Surgeon General of Pennsylvania, says: "I am a Republican, but Hancock will get my vote, and there are thousands more like me. Why, here, sitting beside me, is C. Nye, a Republican. Now, what are you going to do, Nye?" "I shall vote for Hancock," said Mr. Nye. Gen. C. S. Hamilton, late United States Marshal for Wisconsin, has written a letter predicting the election of Hancock, and announcing his purpose to support him. Capt. P. Y. Fiskom, County Commissioner of Clay county, Minn., a Scandinavian of influence in that county, has declared for Gen. Hancock. Captain Fiskom was an old soldier of the Fifth Wisconsin volunteers. S. W. Moulton, a former Republican member of Congress from Illinois, and Judge Mooser, Republican county Judge, astonished the Republicans of Shelbyville, Illinois, by openly declaring for Hancock and English. The Pittsburg Post announces that Col. H. H. Hayes, a well known business man of that city, has declared for Hancock. The Colonel was an officer in the cavalry during the war, has long been a Republican, and frequently represented his district both on Republican County Committees and in Republican Conventions. Lewis Loveless, a prominent Republican of Pike county, Indiana, and formerly a candidate of his party for Congress, has renounced his connection with the Republican organization, and is out for Hancock and English. Peter Wilson, a prominent Republican lawyer, heads the call for a Hancock club at Streator, Ill. The editor of the Elmore (Mich.) Gazette, which now supports Hancock, was a supporter of Hayes in 1876. Col. John A. Whimpy, heretofore a prominent Republican in Georgia, has announced his intention to vote for Hancock. Capt. Kelly is out with a letter addressed to Mr. John H. Brady, President of the Fifth Assembly District Republican Association, in which he resigns from the organization and espouses the cause of Hancock and English. Col. James E. Marsh, Kansas City, Mo., formerly a Republican, writes that he will take the stump in Iowa for Hancock. He is an able lawyer and a fine speaker. CEDAR RAPIDS SURPRISED. A Hancock and English club, with almost four hundred members, has been organized in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The Hon. John W. Henderon, heretofore an Independent Republican, was elected President amid enthusiastic cheering. TWO NEW HAVEN REPUBLICANS. Judge Stevens, of Hamholdt, and the Hon. J. D. Baldwin, of Storey county, Nevada, have resigned their positions on the Republican Central Committee of that State, and have pronounced for Hancock and English. TWO NEW HAVEN REPUBLICANS. The New Haven Union says: "The Hancock Veteran Legion of this city keeps on taking in members by the score. Among the Republican recruits is Capt. James L. Townsend, of the old Fourteenth, who is enthusiastic for the hero of Gettysburg." * * * Charles N. Poe, ex register of votes of New Haven, a prominent citizen, and hitherto a leading Republican, has come out for Hancock and English. Mr. Poe was a Union soldier, who believes that it is pretty safe to entrust the government for four years to the man who saved it, and will consequently work and vote that way. A REPUBLICAN FAMILY OF EIGHT. The Washington County Democrat says that Isaac Gilmore, of Connelville, Fayette county, Pennsylvania, and his seven sons, all voters, heretofore staunch Republicans, have all come out for Hancock. The boys were in the war with Hancock, and knew all about him.

THIRTY-TWO MORE REPUBLICANS. To the Editor of the New York Sun: Sir—There are twenty-five Republicans and seven Greenbackers employed in my piano and organ works who will vote for Hancock and English. DANIEL F. BEATTY. Washington, N. J., July 31. BIG DEFECTION ALONG THE HUDSON. The Syracuse (N. Y.) Courier says: "The Republican defection to Hancock is assuming large proportions along the Hudson." A dispatch from Kingston says: "The work of organizing for the campaign is well underway here. Throughout Ulster, Greene, Delaware, Schoharie and Orange counties Hancock and English clubs have been formed in every town. The excitement and enthusiasm have reached a height not known in many years. Many heretofore stalwart Republicans openly avow their intention to not only vote, but work for the election of the Democratic candidates." * * * On the regular Democratic campaign club of this city are the names of nine Republicans. At Rosedale Mr. Warren K. Atkinson, a prominent business man, but recently a delegate from that town to the Republican County Convention, is outspoken for Hancock and English. FIFTEEN RELIABLE REPUBLICANS COME OVER. A gentleman residing at Long Swamp, Berks county, Pa., writes to his brother in Norristown as follows: "The Hancock boom is gradually gaining ground here. A lifelong Republican, Capt. James Weida, late of the 101st P. V., who was severely wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, is going to make a speech at Hancock Station, E. P. R. R. in favor of Hancock. Thus far we can count fifteen reliable Republicans who will support Hancock—ten of whom have come out openly. I do not know a single Democrat who will vote for Garfield." How to Become Rich. You can probably be rich, my son, if you will be. If you make up your mind now that you will be a rich man, and stick to it, there is very little doubt that you will be very wealthy, tolerably mean, loved a little, hated a great deal, have a big funeral, be blessed by the relatives to whom you leave the most, reviled by those to whom you leave nothing. But you must pay for it your money. It costs all it is worth. If you want to be worth a million dollars, it will cost you just a million dollars to get it. Broken friendships, intellectual starvation, loss of social enjoyment, deprivation of generous impulses, the smothering of manly aspirations, a limited wardrobe and a scanty table, a lonely home, because you fear a lovely wife and beautiful home would be expensive, a hatred of the heathen, a dread of the contribution box, a haunting fear of the Woman's Aid society, a fearful dislike of poor people because they won't keep their misery out of your sight, a little sham of benevolence that is worse than none; O, you can be rich, young man, if you are willing to pay the price. Any man can get rich who doesn't think it too expensive. True, you may be rich and be a man among men, noble and Christian and grand and true, serving God and blessing humanity, but that will be in spite of your wealth, and not as a result of it. It will be because you always were that kind of a man. But if you want to be rich merely to be rich, if that is the breadth and height of your ambition, you can be rich if you will pay the price. And when you are rich, son, call around at this office and pay for this advice. We will let the interested compound from this date.—Burlington Hawkeye. The faith that saves is the faith that sanctifies. And if our religion does not show itself in daily life, silently proving there its power; if it does not make us men and women of stronger faith and brighter hope and broader charity, and thus better in all the relations of life, there is in it some fatal defect. We had better look well to its foundation. A man may have a thousand intimate acquaintances, and not a friend among them all. If you have one friend, think yourself happy.

Remedy for Mosquitoes. How little some people know of mosquitoes, their origin, birth and habits; but how much they know of them as torments, being among the lesser worries of life. One or two good, healthy mosquitoes can do about as much to produce impatience of speech and irritability of temper as a dozen mules. Harper's Bazaar for August 14 discusses not them, but a cure for them; asserts positively that Pyrethrum roseum will kill a room full, it being only the harmless flower growing in Caucasia, commonly known as "Persian camomile." You take one teaspoonful of this, heat it up, touch it with a match, and, says the joyful writer, not having the fear of Mr. Bergh before him, "watch the blue line of smoke as it rises to the ceiling and is wafted through the air, changing the busy drone of insect life into a weak wail of insect woe. Pretty soon down they come plump on to the table and over your paper, spin on their tiny backs and then sheath their lancets, curl up their hair-like legs, and interest you no more." To test the drug, which is perfectly harmless to man or child, he gives the following: "It must have a bright buff color, be light, readily burned, and give a pleasant tallow-like fragrance." If some of our readers will try this powder and give our readers the benefit of their experience, others of them will feel deeply obliged. If he who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew is a blessing to mankind, what shall he be called who enables wearied man to sleep the sleep of the happy?—Southern Churchman. The Baptist Standard tells the following good story. A parson who wanted to change wrote to Dr. Dobbs, and at the same time the society, in which the parson ministered, wrote; and while one set forth the kind of church he wanted, the other described the kind of minister it wanted. They both aimed high. The shrewd Doctor replies to both by telling a story: A minister, not much versed in worldly affairs, and least of all, in horse-nature, wanted to buy a horse. He found a group of plain men, to whom he stated his case. He said: "I want a horse of a good deal of spirit, for my son is fond of such a horse. And he must be a very quiet horse, so that my wife can drive him. And he must be quite sturdy, and have a good deal of endurance, for I shall want to plow with him. He must not be a large eater, nor choice in his eating. I want a young horse, so that he shall be growing better all the time. And he must be well broken, for I haven't the time to break him. And he must not cost above fifty dollars, or at the outside seventy-five dollars." When he had finished, one of the plain men said: "Why, you fool, there ain't no such horse." The advice given in conclusion is excellent: "I recommend you to worry along with each other, and neither of you to expect perfection in the other, till you can show an example of it in yourselves.—Living Church. A man was swearing angrily in the street, when a little girl came along. She stopped, looked up at him, and said, "Please, sir, don't call God names; He is my Father, and it hurts me to hear you." It was now the man's turn to stop and look, and he said, "Thank you, Miss. My mother taught me that; He is my Father too. I will not swear again—never!" and he walked away with his head down. The three Bible types of character—Noah, Daniel and Job—the learner, the worker and the sufferer—submission, duty, patience. God often afflicts His people to keep them nearer to Himself, to make earth less attractive and Heaven more desirable. True honor is that which refrains to do in secret what it would not do openly; and, where other laws are wanting, imposes a law upon itself. Young man, when you turn over a new leaf, put the strongest kind of a paper weight upon it, as it is apt to turn back.